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The Spencerville High School



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"THE HERALD"

1915

SPENCERVILLE, IND.



SPENCERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. 1. NO. 6.

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DEDICATION

To the Faculty of the Spencerville High School, through whose efficient leadership this publication was made possible, we affectionately dedicate this number of the Herald.



BERTHA M. THORNBURGH
Superintendent

2079870



FORREST M. KAIN
Principal

S. H. S. FACULTY

THE SENIORS

OFFICERS

President—Marie Miller.
Vice-Pres.—Donald Shook.
Sec'y and Treas.—Dewey Beaber.

COLORS—Nile Green and Pink.
FLOWER—Pink Rose.
MOTTO—"Not the end but the beginning."

CLASS ROLL

Dewey Beaber
Harold Beam
Marie Hull
Marie Miller
Levi MummaM
Donald Shook
Paul Wasson
Samuel Wearley
Fay Wilmot



MARIE MILLER

"My heart is fixed and my voice is seldom heard."

Marie came to us from Auburn, entering the Sophomore class in 1913. She has proven an excellent student, and has done good work as society editor of the Herald. In spit of her unusual cheerfulness and gaiety she has made many friends among us.



DONALD SHOOK

"For without me ye can do nothing."

Don is always ready to put his shoulder to the wheel, and can be depended upon when any form of activity is proposed for the betterment of the school. As an athlete he has helped win many victories for S. H. S.



DEWEY BEABER

"I have applied my heart unto every work."

For four years a faithful conscientious student. As Editor-in-chief of the Herald, he has fought a good fight and won. His loyal efficient work has won him the friendship and respect of both students and faculty.



HAROLD BEAM

"Oh, that my words were now written,
Oh, that they were printed in a book!"

To the casual observer Harold seems to be a dreamer with few interests in common with everyday mortals, but on closer acquaintance he proves to be only a young man with ideas and ambitions all his own. He possesses a knowledge of men and books that would do credit to one of older years, yet he also has an appreciation of humour which made him an excellent Endman in the Negro Minstrel.



MARIE HULL

"She wore a psyche and he loved her (k)not."

As a student Marie's talents seem to lie in the line of Domestic Science; she has learned to fry eggs on toast, boil water at 180 degrees below zero without scorching it, and to successfully whip prunes. Her kindness and cheerfulness have made her a general favorite.



LEVI MUMMA

"If I have done well, it is that which I desired."

Levi came to us from Leesburg, Ohio, entering the Senior class in September, 1915. He brought with him many good qualities, among them being a praise-worthy ambition to win honor, as well as honours. His efficient work as Business Manager of the Herald has done much for S. H. S.



PAUL WASSON

"His enemies shall liek the dust."

As an athlete Paul Wasson has made good in both Basketball and Baseball, and has won honors for Spencerville. As a student he is to be commended for his perseverance and industry.



FAYE WILMOT

"He hath left a name behind him"

An athlete of no little ability, whose many works of art are worthy of praise. As a baseball pitcher he rivals even the famous Billy Sunday.



SAMUEL WEARLEY

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

As Joke Editor of the Herald, Samuel has surely been in his proper element. But underneath all his foolishness is a goodly share of common sense, which makes him an excellent student, during those rare moments when he feels the spirit of industry weighing upon him.

SENIOR PROPHECY

In the summer of 1930 while I was traveling in India I happened to enter a novelty shop in Calcutta. The first thing that drew my attention was a sign which said that all questions of the past, present, or future would be answered. To be sure I was very curious concerning this sign and asked the keeper the particulars. He led me into an underground room. A small light burned in a niche in the wall of the room. The keeper then built a fire in a hollow in the floor, extinguished the only lamp burning and bade me ask any question of the past, present or future. Naturally my first question was "Where are my classmates of Spencerville High School?" The keeper threw a substance into the fire that made a dense smoke. Finally before my very eyes was the most wonderful sight.

The scene was in the city of Philadelphia, where in front of a building was the sign, "Wilmot Art Studio." As it changed to the interior of the building, I saw the many productions of the artist. Looking a little more closely I noticed the artist in the back of the room at work and recognized him to be no other than my dear old friend, Faye Wilmot.

As this scene faded I saw another. It was a low valley where a slow train was creeping along, and as it passed, I noticed in one of the windows a gentleman, seemingly taking life easy, our Paul Wasson.

I closed my eyes for a moment and when I opened them again, I saw a large school building. The scene immediately changed to the interior. A Domestic Science kitchen was shown. In the midst of many young students I saw Marie Hull, who was superintending the work of the girls. Before the picture faded a young man entered the kitchen. To my great surprise I recognized the man to be a graduate of S. H. S. Probably he had graduated a year or so later. I have heard

since that Marie and this young gentleman are running the Manual Training and Domestic Science departments in this school.

Again I saw a different scene. A tractor was being tested in a large field. As it neared one side of the field, Don Shook came up and adjusted some part of it for the driver. Don had become the head tester in the Ford Tractor Factory.

My gaze then fell on another picture. The scene was in a large court room. A great trial was pending. And there was Harold Beam pleading this case.

The scene changed again and I saw a grand opera in New York City. The audience was applauding enthusiastically. The curtain went up again and who should appear upon the stage but my old friend Samuel Wearley, acting as star comedian.

The scene that next came to my view was at Cambridge, Mass., the home of Harvard University. In the interior of one of the buildings of this great university I saw Dewey Beaber conducting a large Latin class composed of pupils of all nationalities.

I next observed a grand marble mansion in the city of Washington, D. C. Descending the steps with two large yellow banners bearing the words, "Votes for Women" on one and "Suffragettes" on the other, came a woman whom I recognized as Marie Miller. As my gaze followed her up the street I noticed she entered a large bank. As the scene changed to the interior, a young man who had been sitting on one side of the room arose and ordered her out. She wended her way up the street to a great hall and I saw her ascend the platform within and begin to address the multitude of people. As I looked more closely I saw that the women seated on the stage were some of the High School girls that I knew when I was in S.H.S.

Just then the last spark of this wonderful fire died out. The keeper grasped my hand and led me from the room. After I had paid the keeper and thanked him for his kindness, I departed, longing to be back at S. H. S. again. Levi Mumma, '15

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class of 1916, being in a healthy state and frame of mind, do make this our last will and testament.

To Jersey we leave all our affection for Delphia, also our admiration for fiery domes.

To Dutch we bequeath our snail-like agility, as we have confidence in his ability to faithfully preserve the same.

To Shilling we bequeath our ability to hold down the piano bench and create sound devoid of music.

To Gladis we present our shyness and good looks??? Also our seat in the assembly room and hook in the hall.

To Dale we present our tender regards for "sweet Williams" hoping that their sweetness may not be wasted on the desert air.

To Goldy we dedicate our ponies and any translations discovered, hoping they may replace her own well-worn ones; also our ability to be contrary on important subjects.

To Jean we present all our tickets to lecture courses, hoping she may find time to attend.

To Shylock Hirsch we bequeath our stock of salt pork, and ten dollars to squeeze until the eagle squawks "I'm going home to fly no more."

To Bowser we give all our pugilistic attainments, knowing he will take good care of the same.

To Joe we donate our class stock of ambition powders and the remainder of our burnt cork.

To Grace we donate the 100's we have made in dep-ort ment, as we are leaving town and have no further use for them.

To Karl we bequeath all our interest in the chicken business, knowing that he will take good care of it.

To Leone we bequeath our ability to fall down the cellar steps without cracking the cement.

To Lola we present a copy of our class song, "I Wonder Who's Next in Your Heart."

To Delphia Beam we lovingly present our class cradle so that she need no longer be Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

To Eva we bequeath Dewey's long straying affections, knowing that history repeats itself.

To Delphia Coburn we bequeath Marie Miller's solemnity that she may profit thereby.

To Joe we leave Sam's wit and follishness that he may hereafter see the joke.

To Ralph Palmer we bequeath Marie Hull, knowing that he will get her anyway.

To Lanky we bequeath Faye's artistic ability, that Art in Indiana may not decay and perish from the earth.

To Mike we leave Paul Wasson's athletic ability, that he may play in the National League in 1920.

To Della Goings we bequeath Harold Beam's slouch, that she may possess one element of grace.

To Germany Miller we bequeath Donald Shook's punctuality, that he may keep up with the times.

To Roy Bowser we regretfully relinquish Levi's tenor voice, knowing that music hath charms to soothe the savage ear.

JUNIORS



THE JUNIORS

THE JUNIORS

In the Freshman Class of 1913-14 there were only five members, as it was an odd year. The class consisted of four boys and one girl. Lena Kelley was the star of the Freshman Latin Class, where she soon learned the translation of amo and all its derivatives. Howard Shilling was the star in English, reciting when he could, and letting it slide the rest of the time. Wellington Miller, though an exceedingly bashful fellow, has also staid with the class for three years. Clarence White and Harold More came only a short time, preferring, like Abe Lincoln, to be railsplitters rather than the presidents of Yale and Oxford. In the Sophomore year, Lena Kelley did not return, but Cecil Hollepeter entered, coming from Harlan High School. During the present year Bluffton contributed to our ranks Ralph Palmer, who is distinguishing himself as our class poet.

History Auf die Juniors, Who Am at Present.

Die Juniors who am at present,
First commenced in as a Freshie,
Und der gut part about it vas,
Nieder one auf dem vas fleshie.

Der start auf High School life
Included mit der aggrevation,
Consisted of only chust five,
Who vas all in der congregation.

Der vas Wellington Miller and Howard Shilling
Mit Lena Kelley. Dat er Harold More
Und Clarence White both quit,
Cause die tests und F.'s made 'em sore.

Ah, ha, now two vas gone,
Und den dat left only three
To keep up der vim und der ginger,
But, den, they did it, belief me.

In der next to come Yahr
Der Klass in size vas fair
But Cecil Hollopeter proved fatal
Cause dot 'er dude had red hair.

Der Klass dies yehr vas Sophs,
Und it numbered up to six,
And ebry dings went fine
Till Clarence und Harold said "Nix."

To our imagination gives der impression mit der sensation,
Auf constipation n our abdominalnation,
By der investigation auf Miss Thornburgh
In der examinations, which covers der whole creation.

When der class vas a two yearling,
Die boys played hooky and you could tell
Dey all went fishin' togedder, on die same day
Und auf die Grade Kards they got H—

They started at der bottom to go die hill up,
Und der ponies had an awful stiff back,
But they all mit die burdens und arms on die shoulders,
Jumped stiff-legged right into der hack.

They started from Sophs up to be Juniors
Und I say der pony did pull,
But ven dey reached to der end auf der string,
Dey certainly all vas some full.

In der start auf die third yahre
There vas in der klass only three
Who vas to climb der ladder und build,
But later another arose, don't you see.

In our school work we are great
Und our grade cards stands up fine,
So, see, we're just as important
As die Seniors, whose number ist nine.

Ach, look zu der rest auf der klasses
Und ich tell ye, you will find
Dat der Juniors are all in front
Und die rest bring up der behind.

We get inzu mischief sometimes
Und go clear in zu der knees,
But wir pull und pull, till she comes,
Or wir break der single-trees.

Der best dings wir like zu do
Is ter watch der girls when cooking
For they alles gives us a piece
Only when Miss Thornburgh is looking.

Die Seniors und Sophs are sehr week-comers,
Und die Freshmans are green as die grass,
So nicht quite all die simple ginks,
Sind in der Junior klass.

We're not like die Seniors
Who am petted like a pup,
But we're goin' a build our ladder,
Den we're goin' a climb right up.

A Poet.

SOPHMORES



THE SOPHOMORES

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

MOTTO—Non culmine, sed ascentes.
(Not at the top, but climbing.)
COLORS—Lavender and Green.
FLOWER—Red Rose.

In the beginning of the term of nineteen hundred fourteen and fifteen, under the instruction of Mr. O. W. Nicely and Miss Bertha Thornburg, the Sophomore class, then the Freshmen, had as its members twelve students. In about three or four weeks three members left. These were Harold Moore, Clarence White and Helen Place. About the same time Abbie McCrory entered. A few weeks before Christmas Ensor Conine, on account of illness was compelled to give up the rest of that year's enducation. The class kept the nine members the remainder of the term.

In the beginning of the Sophomore year, under the instruction of Miss Bertha M. Thornburg and Mr. F. M. Kain, there were but six members left. Those absent were Berniece Peters, Abbie McCrory and Agnes Shull. Harry Hirsch started to take the Freshman year but having taken six months work in the Cleveland High School, he was able to take the work of the second year. In March Loretta Funk was compelled to give up her education. Now there are but five original members. These are Walter Silberg, Dale Shull, Goldy Hulle, Gladis Watson and Delphia Coburn. The class was recently organized with the following officers:

President—Dale Shull.
Vise-President—Delphia Coburn.
Secretary and Treasurer—Goldy Hulle.

FRESHMEN



THE FRESHMEN

THE FRESHMEN

These are the Freshmen of whom you have heard so much in the earlier issues of the Herald. We are the ones over whom you have had many a laugh. Having been greatly perplexed by the tremendous problem of writing a Freshman Class History, the writer consulted our doctor of medicine, doctor of laws general historian, philasophist, walking dictionary, and general human encyclopedia et cetera, namely, Miss Thornburgh, concerning the matter and was informed that the Freshmen were entirely too young to have a history; and that this article might more properly deal with the hopes, aims and aspirations of the class.

One of our noblest ambitions, or shall I say the only noble one we have, is to conquer in all lines of Athletics and crown S. H. S. the champion and king o'er all.

It is also an aim of ours that games, plays, literary duties, official duties, imaginary duties and all functions of whatever sort happens during the week; that they be at least five in number weekly; and that we be thus delvered from the tyrannical, all-powerful and absolute rule of our teachers and monarchs. "Taxation without representation is treason." There-

fore down with the tyrants. Let the common people rule.

We would like when we graduate to come before all those gone before with clear records (clear to the bottom) and be able to say that we have beaten them in everything; that we have learned how to have a toothache, earache, backache, heartache, sick mother, friend or other relative in order that we might go fishing (for many other things besides fish); how to play truant every other day and yet pass (through the doors); that we have beaten them in our deportment; that whereas they made from 85 to 98, we made the whole scale; that even if the teacher held the ace we could beat him or her with a jack or a trump; and that we could make from an easy problem one incomprehensible to even the teacher himself.

These and many other aims we have. Our class is as good, as large, and as bright, as any that has gone before us. Though the Seniors may rail at our faults, they cannot demean our virtues, which are as many as the sands of the sea. We have set our ideals high. We are as hale and hearty and as ready to take a joke as any of them. So wish us good luck as we start our climb and give us a boost every now and then to cheer our lonely hearts as we plod onward to the top.



THE EIGHTH GRADE

ALUMNI

1910-1911

Murray Erick, Springfield, Illinois. Heating Department of Railway and Light Co., Graduate Mechanical Engineering, Purdue University.
Merritt Maxwell, Principal of Corunna Schools.
Clara Shull, formerly teacher; married.
Gladys Nelson, married.
Frankie Rohadabaugh, married.
Gladys Kain, teacher, St. Joe, Indiana.

1911-1912

A. J. Place, Farmer, Hicksville, Ohio.
W. A. Goings, Farmer, Spencerville.
Fred Steward, Spencerville Elevator.
Ernest Steward, Spencerville, Agent for Overland Automobile.
George Poice, Bloomington, Student at Indiana University.
Paul Curie, St. Joe, employed in Implement Store.
Bessie Kinsey, teacher, Concord township.
Ida Reed, teacher, Butler Township.
Iva Zehner, Spencerville; married.
Charlotte Miller, teacher Jackson Township.

1912-1913

W. Beeks Erick, Spencerville, employment of father.
Ruth Essig, teacher, Jackson Township.
Ruth Gratz, teacher, Jackson Township.
George Hort, Farmer, Spencerville.
Leila Horn, Spencerville; married.
John B. House, Spencerville, Painter and paper hanger.
Forrest Kain, teacher, Spencerville High School.
Mude Platter, teacher, Newville Center.
Stanley Shutt, Graduate Ft. Business College; Bookkeeper Domning Bakery, Ft. Wayne.

1913-1914

Walter Coburn, teacher, Iowa.
Olive Jackson, At Home, Hicksville, Ohio.
Howard Pervine, teacher, Spencerville.
Merwin Place, Farmer, St. Joe.
Hubert Shook, Medical Student, Wittenberg College.
Mark Shull, teacher 7th and 8th grades, Spencerville.
Gertrude Shutt, Clerk, Spencerville Postoffice.
Hazel Steward, At Home, Spencerville.
LeAnna Wearley, At Home, Spencerville.

1914-1915

Gladys Conine, Angola, Student at TriState Normal.
Ethel Shutt, At Home, Spencerville.
Mark Tyndall, Fort Wayne Electric Works.
Violette Tyndall, At Home, Spencerville.
Herman Miller, Fort Wayne Box Factory.
Ethel Soule, At Home, Spencerville.
Herbert Ginther, At Home, prospective teacher.



BASKET BALL TEAM

ATHLETICS

Howard Shilling, '17.

As the school year draws to a close and our thoughts are led in another direction, we are proud of the athletic spirit which has been shown throughout the past season.

The basket-ball five did exeellent work from the beginning to the end. At the first of the season they were greatly hindered on account of the lack of a hall. Few games were then played as most of the teams would mueh rather play on a floor than on the ground. At this time also the team was not well organized which did not give them the speed in a game or the power to pass the ball quickly.

As the weather became colder the team was compelled to seek some inside floor. They finally succeeded in securing the town hall. After this the boys had more of a chanee to practice.

About this time when the team was just getting in good shape to do something, the epidemie of measles came as a great hindrance and surprise. Everything was quarantined; the school, town, township, and every entertainment. This put a sudden stop to the basket ball world. Almost all the members of the team took this disease.

This lasted for about three weeks; but even then the boys were not able to get down to good team work. Basket-ball after this really did not have the snap and vigor that it had formerly had although several games were played.

Tennis was taken up last fall for the first time. In every respect this game proved to be a grand success. At first the game was new to most of us although a few knew the rules and regulations. Every person seemed willing to learn and as we soon found that one court was not enough to accommodate all the players, another court was formed. No games with other schools were played.

Base-ball seems to be the leading game at present, but last fall it was not carried on very extensively. In this game it is

not as hard to gather together a team as in some of the other games as most all the boys are practiced to some extent. Some very good talent has been shown in the way of pitching and catching. Here a player has an opportunity to form good judgment as every one knows who has played to some extent. Although the base-ball team has much more room for improvement, if they keep up the spirit that has already been shown, they have a bright future before them.

The girls have not been idle in athletics. If ranked according to the amount of spirit shown, they should be placed at the first of the list. A great number of us boys, if we should come right down and apply the force and eagerness that they have shown in their Indian Club swinging and exercises, would get along a great deal better in the athletic world. At first it was very seldom any one else but themselves saw them in their exercises but later as they improved they were even proud to show their skill. At the present they need not take a back seat or try to be unseen by any one. They have the right to receive praise for the development shown and their teacher should share equally in these praiss.

A track meet has been talked of this spring but it is not known definitely yet whether this will be held or not. From the Athletic view point this would be a very wise move. Not only would each person who partook in this meet, be benefitted but it would bring us before the other schools and also before the public, showing what athletic material we have.

As to the Athletic Association as a whole, at the close of this season, we are proud to announce our great success in every way. Although each player has shown his good spirit and helped in the way he saw best, there have been many places for improvement. Let us then try to make the next season even more successful.

Following is the line-up and score of a few games of basket -ball played by our team:

LINE UP

Spencerville		Hamilton
Wearley	Forward	Kepler
Shook	Forward	Baker
Kline	Center	Sewell
Wasson	Guard	———
Wilmot	Guard	———

SCORE

First Half	Second Half	Total
Hamilton 18	15	33
Spencerville 2	19	21

LINE UP

Spencerville		Harlan
Hollopeter	Forwards	Eagre
Shook	Forwards	Moore
Kline	Center	Lampy
Wearley	Guards	Gorvell
Wasson	Guards	Smith

Referee—House Umpire—Goldsmith

SCORE

Team	1st Half	2nd Half	Total
Harlan	8	6	14
Spencerville	14	5	19

LINE UP

Leo		Spencerville
Hosler		Shook
Amstutz		Palmer-Holopeter
Slanttler		Kline
Crider		Wasson
Atkins		Wearley

First half—Leo. 5; Spencerville, 10; Second Half—Leo, 8; Spencerville, 4. Total, Leo, 8; Spencerville, 14. Referee, Goldsmith. Umpire, Kain.

LINE UP

Hicksville		S. H. S.
Longsworth	F	Shook
Pugh	F	Miller
Sieberts	C	Palmer
James	G	Wearley
Saunders	G	Wasson
Hicksville 10	SCORE	S. H. S. 35
	Referee, Armstrong	
Spencerville (18)		Harlan (19)
Baker	F	Frye
Palmer	F	Moore
Davis	C	Lampy
Wearley	G	Applegate
Vanziles	G	Smith



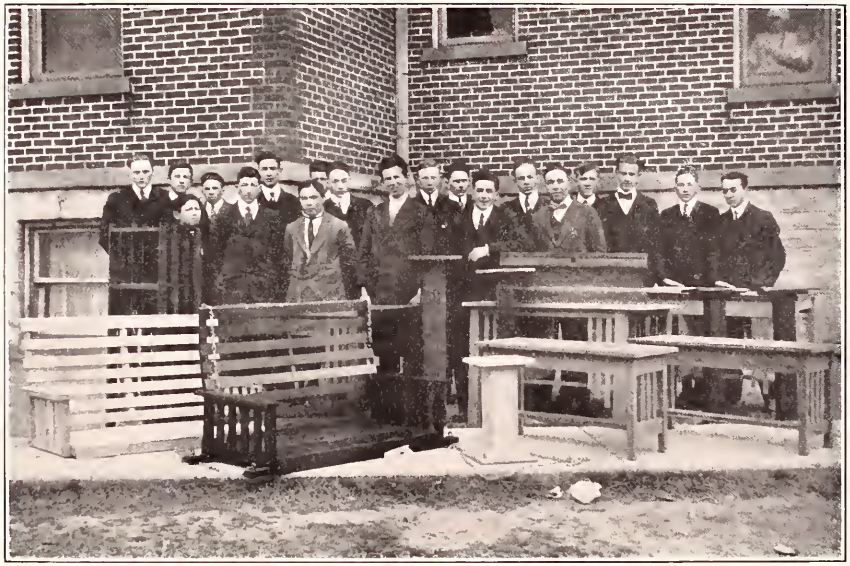
DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

In February, 1915, Domestic Science Equipment was placed in the Spencerville High School. The girls at once became enthusiastic about being able to put into practice the principles they had already learned. Interest has grown, and the work has proven profitable as well as interesting.

The course in cooking has included classes of foods and their purposes, a study of nutrients, experiments to show the composition of foods, planning of balanced meals, methods of cooking, preparation of beverages, vegetables, meats, doughs and batters.

The course in sewing has included practice stitches, study of vegetable and animal fibers, study of textiles, pattern drafting, and making of simple garments.



MANUAL TRAINING CLASS

MANUAL TRAINING

Probably no other subject in the high school curriculum is so complexing to the teacher in the small high school than that of Manual Training. The main reason for this is that as a manual training teacher he must also devote part of his time to some other line of work. Thus he is unable to be present with his class all the time.

Still under these difficulties we feel that the department in

To the high school boy the value of his training cannot be

To theh igh school boy the value of this training cannot be very well estimated. It stands to reason that all of us will not be professsional men. Then why train all for that line of work? The boy in the smaller town or on the farm should become competent in the use of tools. So that when there is some repair work to be done he will not have to send to town for a carpenter but may be able to do this himself.

The question arises, What should a good course embody? If it were possible to give a full four year course, we should begin with wood working and finish in steel working. As it is we may only give the wood working and study the statistics on other trades. Cement mixing, plumbing, blacksmithing, carpentering, etc., should be studied to a great extent.

In the projects in wood working taken up this winter we have tried to make only such projects as are useful to the community. It is simply a waste of time to set a boy at work on something that cannot be made use of in the home or on the farm. The work next year we hope will be even better than the past. So boys, if you are contemplating to go to high school it is to your own interest to choose the one where you can get the BEST along the lines of Vocational Education.

THE HERALD

SPECIAL COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

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- - LITERARY - -

WHEN THE CIRCUS CAME TO TOWN

Jean Mumma, '19.

Along the banks of a beautiful river lies the little country village of Sleepy Town. The people are busy at home and never get away very often to see the wonderful things which are taking place in the outside world. Therefore when the news came that the circus was coming to town, everybody was enthusiastic. The wonderful "Sells' Brothers Big Show" was not to be missed. Old and young were eager to be present at all the performances. It was to be a great event in their lives.

Gaily colored posters were put up in every place where passers-by could see. For weeks past, the people had stood with open mouths, before those posters, gazing at Madame Pemberton, sailing through the air in a big red auto as she made the "world renowned leap for life." Also there was the wonderful Jones family, whose father could carry an elephant in one hand and his daughter in the other. There were eight men and women all swinging from one trapeze and a few lions and tigers flying through the air, hissing and growling, while monkeys and small dogs were put in any convenient place in the picture. What wonderful feats were to be performed!

In one of the small cottages of Sleepy Town lived Mother and Father Smith with three small boys. They of course were wild with excitement and James, who was the oldest, easily led the others to believe wonderful things concerning the show.

Finally the day dawned clear and bright as all circus days should. The world was waking earlier than usual this morning for the chores must be done and out of the way. The three boys were up at daybreak. What would be more fun to a boy than to see the circus unload? Before breakfast they started in order to be there in time. Of course they were not hungry today.

Everything was astir. The neighboring people were out doing the chores, so as not to miss the circus. Mrs. Smith, being a quiet woman did not care to go to the show grounds, but would rather sit on the porch to watch the people go by. So as soon as she had finished her work, she took her place on the front porch.

People were passing in all sorts of vehicles; in spring wagons, buggies, farm wagons and even on horses they were going. All the country people were there and most of those in town were walking past. Everything was full of enthusiasm.

When most of the traffic was past, from a distance came the sounds of the show ground. A man was calling out, "This way to get your tickets, Hurry, Hurry," and then another started a yell for the side show, "See the snake charmer, only a dime, ten cents, this way, just beginning, just commencing, don't miss it!" A band of negro minstrels was shrieking Kentucky lullabies. Mingled with these sound Mrs. Smith heard the calls of the peanut vender and the men at the lemonade stand.

At noon the Smith boys rushed home all out of breath. As James burst through the door, he showed the yellow tickets in their poekets and cried, "Oh, mother, see! a man said to us, 'Hey, kids, wanter job ter git inter the show?' and we said 'You bet!' and we carried water for the elephant and the man gave us each a ticket to get in and we are going to go this afternoon to see everything, ain't we?" The boys were so excited, they could say no more, but bolted their dinner and were off again to the show ground.

All afternoon Mrs. Smith sat on her porch, silently sewing. It was very still for everybody was at the circus. It seemed excessively hot to her. There was no breeze. Slowly the shadows began to lengthen and the evening came. But there were no boys in sight. At last as it grew darker and still the boys did not appear. Mrs. Smith went out to do the chores and to give the patient cow an extra supper, for she knew that on the next day the poor cow would have to play elephant while the boys played clown.

GATHERING SAP

Dale Shull, '18.

"Oh, May, let's tap some trees and have maple sugar," said Richard one evening to his five year old sister as he came home from school. "Mother said when she was a little girl they made the spiles out of elder branches; we can do that, too, and when cousin John comes to spend his vacation with us, we will have a boiling down."

Richard's sister heartily agreed and the next morning before school Richard hurried to the woods to gather elders for making the spiles.

He had no difficulty in getting the elders and was soon back to the wood-shed hard at work.

Making the spiles was not so easy for some of them would break, and some he had difficulty in getting the pith out, but before eight o'clock he had neatly finished six, which he thought would be enough. These being finished he was off to school.

"Hurry home," said May, as he ran through the gate.

All day May watched wistfully for Richard's return. She carried in the kindling and wood so Richard would not be delayed. About four o'clock he reached home and had not yet forgotten about tapping the trees.

Mother lent them some of her jars and pans to catch the sap in and father let them use the auger, cautioning them to be sure to bring it back.

Now they were all ready to go.

"But what trees are you going to tap?" asked mother.

"Those three in the wheat field, the two on the big hill and one in the front yard."

"I think that will be all you can take care of" said mother, "do not stay out until after dark."

The ground was thawing and the fields were very soft so that the children had some difficulty in getting across the field; but after stopping several times to put on their overshoes, which would pull off, they succeeded in getting across.

They soon had the trees tapped and returned to the house.

Day after day they gathered their sap and were looking forward eagerly to their cousin John's spending his vacation with them.

On the day of his arrival the children with their mother's aid built a fire in the orchard and suspended the sap in the big copper kettle over this.

They took great pleasure in keeping the fire up. By evening the taffy was done.

After dark they all gathered around the fire and enjoyed the taffy along with popcorn and apples which mother provided.

That evening when they went to the house cousin John said that he had had a fine time, but when he came again he was coming in time to help them gather the sap.

CARRINGTON'S AWAKENING

Goldy Hull, '18.

George Carrington, a large pleasant-faced man, came home one night from his work in an uptown office, in a very bad humor. He threw his coat and hat on a chair, sat down at the window and looked out for a long time, without the usual pleasant word or smile for his wife. For the past six years, since his marriage he had been very happy in his home and enjoyed his work. Tonight, for the first time, his wife had noticed his indifference. When his little four year old girl came up to him and spoke to him, he pushed her impatiently away. As soon as his supper was finished, he went away, replying impatiently to his wife's query as to where he was going.

He went to the office again and worked until ten o'clock. As time went on, he seemed changed, and some nights he did not come home until twelve. The work at the office, apparently, was becoming heavier, and required more of his time.

He neglected his wife and daughter more and more. His wife said nothing, hoping that things would change, and that he would be like his former self again, but she found that after a year had passed and he was still the same, she could stand it no longer. She decided that she would tell him when he came home, to choose between her and his work.

That night when he came home, he was in a worse state of mind than she had ever seen him. As he came in at the door, Helen, his little daughter, came running up to him, to show him her cat, a recently acquired possession. But he pushed her aside and the child began to cry, telling her mother that he had not been good to her for a long time.

After they had eaten their supper in silence, Carrington put on his hat and coat, preparing to leave the house. His wife called him back, and asked him why he had so changed toward her and Helen, and why he was so unwilling to stay at home one evening with them. He replied that she should be glad that he thought enough of them to work at night for them. He seemed to her to think more of his work than he did of her. She told him then to choose between her and his work, and he chose his work. Then he left the house.

That night after he had gone, she packed some of their clothes and taking Helen with her, went to her mother's.

When Carrington came home again the house was cold and cheerless; there was no one at the door to welcome him, no little girl to cheer him when his work tired him more than usual. His work occupied him more and more, but soon he missed the good warm meals which his wife always had ready for him when he came home.

About a year had passed now since she had gone, but he had never forgotten her. One night while on the streets he met an old friend, who wanted to talk to him. Carrington did not wish him to know what had happened at home, and suggested a show. Just around the corner was a good moving-picture house, which they entered, without even noticing what was the attraction for that night. They talked for a long time without paying much attention to the pictures. But once when Mr. Carrington looked up, he read the title, "When She Was Gone." He watched the pictures closely now; as he followed them through he became so interested that he did hear the many remarks which his friend made. He slid to the very edge of the seat with his eyes fixed upon the screen, for there he saw a picture which reminded him of his own sad story. He then realized, as never before, what his wife and child had been to him. He could stay no longer; he got up and went out on the street, forgetting entirely his friend.

He walked along the street without noticing anyone. As

he went along, he reviewed the seven happy years since his marriage. Now his wife was gone. In his mind's eye he saw Helen grown up, hating her father. He thought she was so young that she would not understand, and the sooner he found them and made things right the better it would be.

As he was walking along, a little girl came running toward him and cried, "Papa!" Then she saw her mistake and ran back to her mother, who was a little way behind her. At first he had thought it was his child, but he was mistaken, as the little girl had been.

He realized then how much she had been to him. When he had come home tired with the day's work, she was always ready to cheer him with her childish sayings, and by her bright face. He wondered if she ever spoke of him or even thought of him.

He went home; the house was dark and cold. He built a fire in the fire-place and sat down before it, looking into it for a long time. When, with an effort, he at last roused himself and looked at the clock it was just one-thirty. He went to bed, but not to sleep. When he closed his eyes, Helen's face came before him. He resolved to go and find them in the morning as he now realized that he could not live longer without them.

When morning came, it was a beautiful day. He dressed quickly and started for her mother's house, where he supposed his wife and Helen were. He had not seen or heard of them since they had gone.

At last he came to the house. The little girl sitting on the porch did not see him until he was nearly opposite her, for she was crying. Just then her mother came around the corner of the house. Helen, for it was she, looked up and saw him, and ran to meet him. As he looked at her, he wondered how he had lived so long without her. Her mother came to them then, and they decided to go back to their old home, and never be apart again.

When they reached their home the same evening, the little girl ran to every part of the house. She was so happy that she would eat no supper.

He came home now from his work at regular times and spent the evenings at home.

"WHAT IS A STORY?"

Eva Watt, '19.

In a cozy little room sat mother with two little children playing around her. All at once they asked her what a story was.

"Mother, what is a story?" asked Grace.

"Well, there are two kinds of stories, one—"

"Oh, aren't there three, mother?" interrupted Ben. "The story of the house, you know."

"Well, yes of course, but I wasn't thinking of that kind. I was thinking of a falsehood and a story told merely to amuse the hearers, and not to deceive anyone," explained mother.

"Are they both wicked?" asked Grace anxiously.

"No, my dear, a story is only wicked when you tell somebody something about another person or thing which is not true."

"And if you tell a story—a nice story that everybody knows is not true, and you don't want them to think it is true—that isn't wicked is it?" said Grace, becoming interested.

"Why, no, my dear, of course not, come up on my lap and tell me all about it," invited mother, for her mother saw something had been troubling her little daughter.

"Well, Nellie Morr said that Robinson Crusoe was wicked,

because it was all a story and it wasn't true," said Grace.

"But when you hear Ben read it to you, you know it isn't true, don't you?" asked mother.

"Yes, of course, mother," answered Grace wonderingly.

"But it was partly true, wasn't it?" asked Ben eagerly.

"Yes, the story was written just to amuse little folks (big ones, too) and not to deceive anyone."

"Then it isn't wicked to tell fairy tales, is it," cried Grace happily. "Of course I knew it wasn't or you wouldn't have let me, but I didn't think any thing about it until Nellie talked about it today."

"No, of course not, many stories are told to us to teach us a lesson. These are not supposed to be true. They are what we call fables."

"Well, Nellie said it was wicked to read and tell such stories and I said you could tell a story sometimes when we told what was really so" said Grace.

"Ha! Ha! you are getting a little mixed, aren't you, sis?" laughed Ben.

"Hush, Ben, she is not mixed. I think I know what she means," said mother.

"Why-I-don't like to tell tales," said Grace hesitating, "but I do want to know what you think about it."

"It is not telling tales unless you tell it in a mean spirit to say something about someone that is not true and make people believe that it is true," explained mother.

"That's what I wanted to know, thanks," said Grace.

"I think you had better go to bed now as it is getting late, Good night," and each child kissed her good night.

A DEMONSTRATION

Howard Shilling, '17.

Mr. Jones believed that no one need ever fall down. It was pure carelessness, he said. Anyone who walked straight, and did not dawdle around was in no danger of losing his balance. He said so to Mrs. Jones many times, but she had only smiled in a provoking way. Mr. Jones had been very lucky through life. He had never fallen down but once and then no one had been present and evidently no body knew anything about it.

One bitter cold January morning he changed his mind. Everything out doors had a coating of ice. The path leading from the barn to the house was smooth as glass and slanted treacherously on either side. On one side of it was an old cellar, where the house once stood. Jones was coming from the barn, after doing the morning chores, with a pail of milk in each hand. He was just opposite the cellar when—Zip—out flew his feet and down he went on his back. The next instant he had slid in a shower of milk over the edge of the cellar hole, and landed on the bottom with a thump that fairly took away his breath.

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He looked around in a dazed way for a moment, and then crawled to his feet. After making reasonably sure that none of his bones were broken, and also that no one had seen him, especially his wife, he climbed out and went limping into the house. On the way he was conceiling with himself whether he should leave his wife in ignorance of what had happened or to come out and tell her everything. He finally decided on the former and did not stop to think that the empty milk pails he was carrying would show some evidence of a misfortune. Matilda, his wife was going out after a pail of water and met him at the door.

"Why, Hiram, what has happened? What makes you so pale? Are you hurt?" she exclaimed, startled.

One of Hiram's neighbors had paid him a visit at the barn that morning and taking this opportunity, he said, "Bill Langdon was over to see me this morning at the barn, and came upon me so sudden that it frightened me; I suppose that is what makes me pale."

About this time Matilda saw the empty pails.

"Hiram, what have you done with that milk, this morning?"

Hiram was taken by surprise. He had not thought of that. Yes, what HAD he done with it? Would he come out and tell her about it? Yes, he saw no other way out of it.

"Yes," answered Jones. "I am somewhat hurt. I fell down that old cellarway. Come here and I'll show you."

Mrs. Jones followed her husband gingerly.

"See, Matilda," he said, as he reached the spot and turned. "I stood right here like this when—"

Once more Jones' feet flew up, and in precisely the same manner as before he landed in the bottom of the cellar.

Silence reigned while Mrs. Jones gazed at the spot where her husband had stood. Then she saw his head appearing above the top of the bank.

"Hiram," she said, "you needn't explain any further. I understand exactly how it was done."

But Hiram's answer was thoroughly ill-tempered.



A POEM

There is a delicate little boy
 Who is called the "Senior Hope,"
He is always having joy
 With his little tales called "Dope."

He always leaves one an impression,
 By bringing out something strong
In the way of an ambiguous expression,
 For you never can tell what is wrong.

In school he certainly is smart,
 No one is near his equal,
Tho' if "Lanky" was given a start,
 He sure would be the sequel.

This "Senior Dope" is known in town
 As champion of the tennis court,
To see him knock those balls aroun'
 You'd think him sure a sport.

His name I will not mention,
 But read on and you will know
For I make it my intentions
 To have this poem onward go.

In his later "High School" life,
 While young and in his prime,
He was put on the hunt of a wife
 Leone was his, for a time.

Now the moments of his leisure
 Were spent in having fun,
But one morn it wasn't such a pleasure,
 And then his trouble begun.

Now it came about like this,
He took her home, her pa was there,
So he gave the farewell kiss
And also took a lock of hair.

Another, whose name I will not tell
Altho' when mentioned he will say,
"Now boys, keep still—O well"
Then northward was his way.

One night, while in a chair,
He soon fell into a slumber,
The sound of his breathing in the air
Was just like sawing lumber.

Still interested in his dreams
He arose and 'round he walked,
Some fun occurred to him it seems,
Fo one could tell the way he talked.

One point I do not dare leave out
For its the climax of the story—
And of it I will tell you about
So you needn't worry.

The scheme worked out as smooth as glass,
The kiss received was sweet as vanilla,
But when he started to squeeze—alas!
It was nothing more than a pillow.

He said, "I'll get even Gosh Ding!"
And of this young maiden fair
He took a ring
Instead of a lock of hair.

"I'll sure will get to go back by Heck!"
Were the words he murmured one day,
But the way he received it in the neck,
Now northward isn't his way.

And with intentions of a lad
He said, "I'll keep this ring to remember
When I met her and was glad
On that night of last December."

As time passed on, he was heard repeating,
"Oh Opal! My Opal! Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not do the washing
Nor feed the calves or swine.

Thou shalt not sit in a Ford Jitney
But we'll walk for years to come,
And if the Lord stays with us
He will be going some.

What would the people say—IF

Marie Miller wouldn't wear a frown.

The freshies weren't always sticking around.

Mr. Kain did allow you to sleep in class.

The Seniors were all sure they would pass.

Beams would get here in time every day.

Delphia didn't have something to say.

All the boys worked in M. T.

The faculty wasn't always complaining.

The sophomores weren't out half the time.

The juniors would ever decide to climb.

All of us gained what we sought, And do just what we know we ought,

Just what the teachers all have taught.

Dewey would forget to go to Newville.

Seniors would study once every hour.

The freshies didn't look so green.

The scholars the faculty's goat could wean.

Everybody were quiet when they marched up stairs.

Rube's head had more than two or three hairs.

Lanky had his necktie on wrong.

Walter would have his Caesar lesson.

Dewey would ever play ball.

Everyone would stay out of the hall.

Paul Wasson would sing.

The bell wouldn't ever ring.

Marie Hull had black hair.

Delphia Beam didn't stare.

Roy Bowser was tall.

Mr. Kain would maul the Seniors.

Gladis Watson didn't smile so sublime.

Rube's Ingersol kept good time.

Marie Miller wasn't the center of social whirl???

Mr. Kain had a patent on his new laugh.

If Rube didn't wink left handed.

If the Juniors were sure they were Seniors would be.

In fact there are so many if's in our school,

That it is some trouble for the faculty to rule,

In fact we could go on with this all day,

And still, when we're through have plenty to say.

* * *

We Wonder.

They gave Columbus three schooners and he discovered America. What would he have done if he had had a keg?

ASK

Mr. Kain who ate the baked beans in the domestic science room.

2. Dewey what her sister said.

3. Sam what her mother said.

4. Lolo how one can be attractive.

5. Harold B. how to catch water dogs.

6. Rube if he has to sit up with Estel any more.

7. Marie Miller where fish worms come from.

8. Miss T. if she is still angry about the baked beans.

9. Mr. Kain if he still has to rock the freshman's cradle.

10. Hirsh, what relation he is to Shylock.

11. Dale if she stayed at home Sat. eve.

12. Leone, if she hurt the cement when she fell down stairs.

13. Dewey if he is still sore at the guy from Milford.

14. Beam if he is still engaged.

15. Dewey and Don how much ado they got into at Garrett.

16. Palmer about the twins.

* * *

"Perhaps"

The reason some men go home at night is the pleasure it gives them to go away the next morning.



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J. M. BEAMS

Spencerville, Indiana

Dale—I smell smoke.

Dewey—Yes, that's the little spark of love still burning.

* * *

Dutch to Rube—Have a smoke.

Rube—Nope, I don't smoke.

Dutch—Huh! you might just as well smoke here as hereafter.

* * *

The other morning Della Goings came to school all togged out in a new calico hair ribbon.

P. S. By the way, she had on other clothes besides the hair ribbon.

Mrs. Bowser: Roy, I haven't heard you say anything about deportment.

Roy: Well, I am not taking that this year.

* * *

Delphia, who had been singing—I suppose you are a lover of good music.

Howard—Oh, yes, but you may keep on singing.

* * *

Bobby—Why are there so many school teachers?

Pa—It is because leap year only comes every four years.

Miss T.—Harry you may decline this word.

Harry—I do.

Miss T.—Do what?

Harry—Decline.

* * *

Smith—Where have you been?

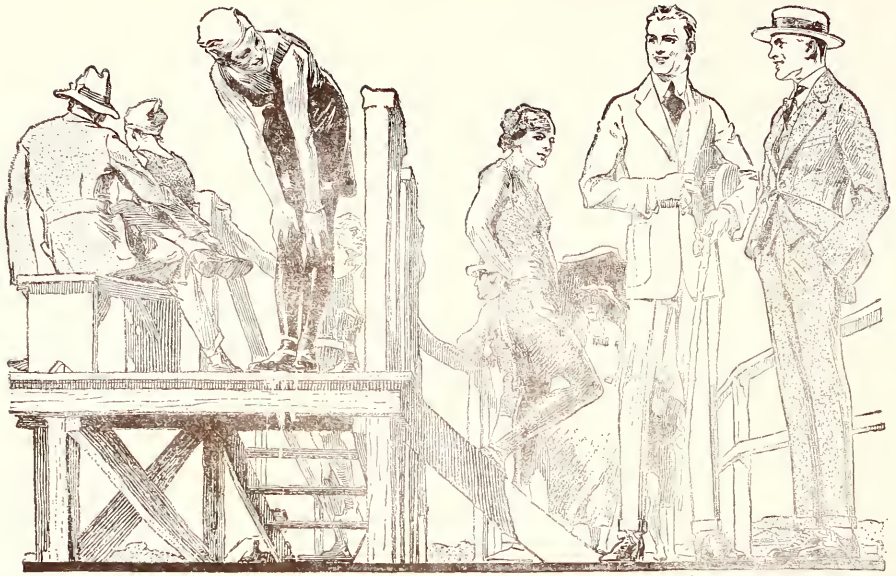
Jones—I had to go south for my lumbago.

Smith—Gee, I got mine at home.

* * *

Kain—I am tempted to give this class a test.

Sam (solemnly)—Yield not to temptation.



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GET IT AT

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Auburn, Ind.

There was an old maid in Peru
Who thirty-one languages knew,
With her one pair of lungs.
She worked thirty-one tongues,
I don't wonder she's single do you?

* * *

Lanky and Harold had been fighting.

Mr. Kain—Here Lanky you must not hit a boy when he's down.

Lanky—Gwan! what do you think I went to the trouble to get him down for.

A man and a girl and a car.
A hill and a hole and a jar.
A funeral (sad tale)
A junk heap (a sale)
And now the wind whistles softly afar.

* * *

Lady—I guess you are getting a good thing out of tendin' the rich Smith boy ain't ye's Doctor?

Doc—I get a pretty good fee, why?

Lady—Well I hope you won't forget that my Willie threw the brick that hit him.

Miss Thornburg, deciding wether there should be one or two entertainments—Now that the final exam is coming I think we'll have to drop one.

Sam—Why not drop the final exam.

* * *

There was a young woman named Hannah
Who slipped on a peel of banana.
More stars she espied
As she lay on her side
Than are found in the Star Spangled Banner.

Beacon Incandescent Kerosene Oil Lamp

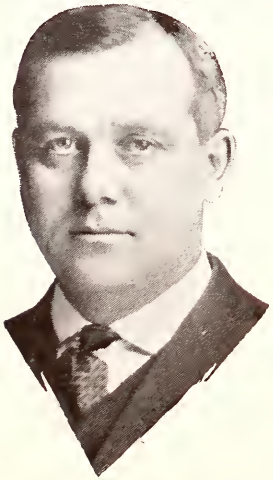
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Pat and Mike had taken a job washing windows. Finally they got a board and stuck it through the window, Pat sitting on the inside and Mike on the outside. Pat got up to get a pail of water and down went Mike. Pat hurried down to find Mike lying in a heap, while the police stood over him and said, Well, Pat he's dead.

Pat—It can't be, I saw him wink.

Mike (aside)—Shut up you dumb fool. I'll get the insurance and give you half.

* * *

She—How do you stand in regard to the war.

He—Oh! I'm neutral. I don't care who licks Germany.

Father—My son, why did you fail on your exams?

Sam—They asked me questions that were beyond my seatmate's depth.

* * *

Lady to tramp—This is the last crust of bread, I'll give it to you for God's sake.

Tramp—Can't you put a little butter on it for Christ's sake?

* * *

First Tramp—After all it pays to be perlite.

Second Tramp—Not always. The other day I was acting deaf and dumb and a feller gave me a quarter and says I, 'Thank yer,' and the old fool up and had me arrested.

Delphia, reading in A Tale of Two Cities—I can't get head nor tail out of this.

Dale—Don't try to get any head out of it, only the tail (tale) is in it.

* * *

Little Elsie had been bathing at the beach and her mother asked: Elsie, how do you like it?

Elsie—I didn't like it. I sat on a wave and went through.

* * *

Teacher to student—Are you still here?

Student—As still as possible.

* * *

Miss T.—Wellington, tell me all you know about tobacco, that is, all you got from the book.



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Hicksville, - Ohio

F. C. Buck

Prof.—Now this is going to hurt me more than it does you, Roy.

Roy—Now, Prof don't talk like the Kaiser shelling a city.

Miss Thornburg (in Geometry)—Now Wellington, do you see it?

Wellington—Yes, but I don't see through it.

Miss T. in III and IV English—Ralph, did their ideas differ about the war.

Ralph—They certainly did or there would have been no war.

Eva started It.

A green little boy in a green little way,
A green little apple ate one day.
Now the green little grasses tenderly wave,
O'er the green little boys green little grave.

Delphia, limping around most pitifully.

Gladis—What's the matter?

The casing of my shoe hurts my foot.

Office boy—Well, what do you want?

Poet—I wish to submit a poem to the editor.

Officeboy—I'm glad you have come; I couldn't get off to see the football game but this will do just as well.

Have you any relatives?

Yes, sir.

Which side of the house?

I don't know. The house has four rooms.

What Are You Going To Do?

If you intend to make further preparation before entering your chosen line of endeavor, the purpose of these lines is to call your attention to the opportunities which Tri-State College offers.

If you want Collegiate degrees, you can earn them at Tri-State College.

If you desire to teach, Tri-State College offers all kinds of Normal work, including Domestic Science and Art, Manual Training, Agriculture, Music and Drawing. It is ranked by the State Board as a STANDARD NORMAL.

If you want to become an Engineer, you can join the two hundred or more young men who are studying Civil, Mechanical, Electrical or Chemical Engineering at Tri-State College.

If you like the Drug business, your attention is directed to the large number of Pharmacy Graduates of Tri-State College who have passed the State examinations with high grades and are making good in the profession.

If you intend to take a Commercial Course, Tri-State College offers the best instruction at a cost far below that charged by the ordinary Business School.

Mid-Spring Term opens April 25, 1916.
Summer Term opens June 6, 1916.
Next Fall Term opens Oct. 3, 1916.

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ANGOLA, - - - - - - - - - INDIANA.

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For over thirty years this store has been giving service to the people of DeKalb County. To this we attribute a great measure of our success. Service in merchandise, the best goods at the lowest legitimate prices with absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Service in shopping, providing a beautiful airy store with courteous and experienced sales force to help you in selecting. Service in the community, always for the betterment of city, county, state and nation. If you want service in

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Hicksville, - Ohio

Oh, come, my love, the jitney waits;
The nickle's in my purse.
My sparker snaps at all the fates,
For better or for worse.
Let's jit in joy while life is June;
Five coppers pay the bill.
So come and jitney 'neath the moon,
Along the low-grade hill.
While all the world is smooth as glass,
While all our tires are spry.
There's bliss in every quart of gas,
Let's hit life on the high.
So come and be my jitney queen;
A nick is all my hoard.
Who cares for grief or gasoline?
Come mount my trusty Ford.

—Literary Digest.

* * *

Miss Thornburgh (in Latin)—Translate "E pluribus unum."

Walter—Root, hog, or die.

* * *

Howard, driving into town, stopped and put a blanket over the radiator.

Roy—You needn't try to cover it up. We know what you've got.

"I understand you have a motor car now," said a neighbor. "Do you drive it yourself?"

"No," responded the other. "Nobody drives it. We coax it."

* * *

Miss Thornburgh (in Latin) Give me the prineipal parts of the word for soup.

Mike (to Harry, across the aisle) What is it?

Harry—Darnifino.

Mike — Darnifino, darnifinare, darnifinavi, darnifinatus.

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St. Joe News

Fred B. Leighty, Pub.

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June Birthday Emblem

There is a difference of opinion as to the proper birth emblem for June. Some hold that Agate is the emblem for this month, while others regard the Pearl as proper. We can supply either.

The beauty and value of a pearl depend on form, quality of texture or skin, color, transparency and lustre. The pearl set jewelry of our stock will afford a June birthday selection that will give most pleasure to the receiver.

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It is a pleasure to us, and will be a pleasure to you to look.

E. O. LITTLE

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Jonathan Rigdon, President. Winona Lake, Ind.

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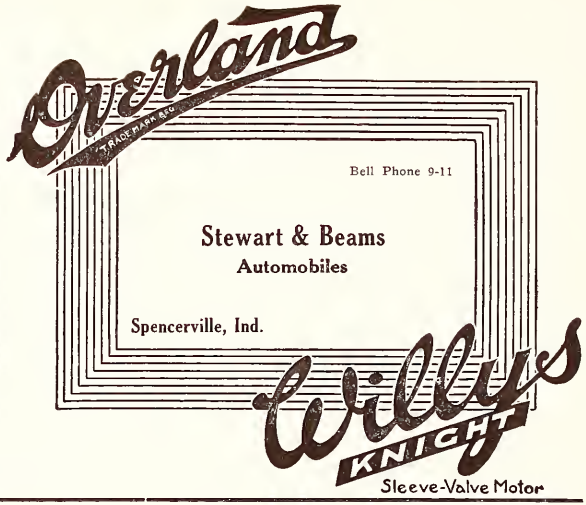
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Making Headway.

"Making any progress toward getting acquainted with those fashionable people next door?"

"Just a little. Their cat invited our cat over to a musicale last night."

* * *

Miss Thornburgh—Karl, write a short poem on baseball.

Karl (next day)
Little drops of water
Falling from the sky
Makes a donble header
Later in July.

Exterminate

"Exterminate" means that natural reflection subsidiary upon longitudinal mohise when the conspicuous generality of ideas encompass the phasibility consequent upon the gelatinous meehination of pneumatics, during the precise admonitions of an avaraiocns duodecagon.

* * *

He (pointing ont player at football game)—He'll be our best man soon.
She—Oh, James, how sudden!

The First Blow-out.

The Sunday School teacher put too her class a number of questions touching the history of the cities mentioned in the Bible.

"What happened to Babylon?"

"It fell," said one boy.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"Punctured?"

* * *

Lanky is combing his hair pompadour.

Eventually you will, why not now;
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Prices run from 20 to 50c per rod.

Steward Lumber Company

SPENCERVILLE, INDIANA

Trusts

Speaking of trusts. There is the beef trust; they say it's a bulky thing but we should steer clear of it. They have raised the price of beef so high that a working man cannot eat meat; the nearest he can come to eating meat is oxtail soup and beef tongue; that is the only way he can make both ends meet.

Where Was the Other One?

The Ford agent, to demonstrate the ease of operating a Ford, was riding down the street with one leg swinging outside the car. Little Johnny, standing on the curb, spied him, and called to his mother excitedly, "Oh, mamma, look at the man going down the middle of the street with only one roller skate on!"

Lanky, coming down stairs, fell over Bowser, and called, "Look out!"

Bowser—Why, are you coming back the same way?

One evening Johnny's father took him upon his knee and asked the following question, "Son, what would become of you and mother if I should die?" Johnny promptly answered, "That's not the important thing. We would stay here, I suppose, but what would become of you?"

Walter—I see that Beam has advertised for an assistant in Manual Training.

Sam—What for?

Walter—To do all the work.

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